THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

An Epistle from William Mott, to his much afflicted and respected friend Clements Willets, at Bethpage, on Long Island.

(Continued from our last.)

We have no cause to marvel nor be dismayed, if after we have had large experience of the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, and drawn towards the close of our pilgrimage here, we meet with sufferings and trials more severe than ever. For thus it was with the captain of our salvation, who was a man of sorrow, and well acquainted with grief; his whole life was a life of affliction, but especially the latter part thereof; after all the miracles and mighty works which he wrought by the power of his father to the astonishment of the multitude, and the confounding of his adversaries; after his wonderful transfiguration on the mount, and that voice from the most excellent glory saying "this is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him;" after all these evidences in confirmation of his divinity, and of that mighty power which dwelt in him, he laid aside all his glory and humbled himself to the ignominious death of the cross. The last scene of his life upon earth was a complication of the most exquisite sufferings, both natural and supernatural, far beyond what any tongue can express, or any heart conceive. First betrayed by his own disciple, and then apprehended by the multitude, judged and condemned as the vilest malefactor; by the highest and most eminent professors of religion, by whose instigation he was reviled, buffeted, spit upon, and crowned with thorns; and after he was nailed to the cross, he was most shamefully derided, and in his expiring agonies, had nothing to quench his thirst but vinegar mingled with gall, and in the time of all those trials and insults, he had no help nor comfort from any creature; all his acquaintance stood afar off, and came not to minister to him, nor to speak a word in his favour; his disciples who before had continued with him in his temptations, and had very lately professed with one accord their readiness to die with him, now forsook him and fled. But all these would have been light afflictions, if his heavenly father had but stood by him and sustained him with the beams of his love. But he hid his face from him, and withheld the comfort of his life giving presence; and this was a grief incomparably greater than all the rest; from hence proceeded his agony at Gethsemane, when he said, "my soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death;" and the sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground while he thus trod the wine press alone; and of the people there was none to help him, to uphold or assist in this time of suffering, nor on his dereliction on the cross, when all the light of spiritual and temporal worlds was withdrawn, and there was total darkness over all the land from the sixth hour even unto the ninth; and about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, "Eloi, Eloi, Lama sabackthani;" that is to say, "my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Words are too short to set forth or convey to others any proper idea of the nature and depth of those sufferings. But when we come to feel and pass through the same in our own experience, we shall then be sensible how it is that Christ hath suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps. It is thus we must come to have fellowship with him in his sufferings and be made conformable unto his death, before we can come to know the inmost veil of the temple, to be fully rent from the top to the bottom, and find access by the blood of Jesus into the holiest of all, or be able to say with respect to our measure of suffering with Christ, it is finished, then shall we witness the power of his resurrection, and shall know the graves to be opened, and the dead shall come forth and enter into the holy city, and shall appear unto many.

I write thus plainly and freely unto thee, from a persuasion that thou hast attained to a good degree of that child-like simplicity which can receive and in measure understand these heavenly mysteries, which are and ever will be hidden from all the wise and prudent of this world. Seeing therefore we have such an excellent example set before us, and such an Almighty power present with us to preserve and support us in our pilgrimage through this vale of tears, let us lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author, that he may be the finisher of our faith. Can we distrust his love to us when he hath so often appeared for our help in time of need? Can we who have so often offended his divine majesty and grieved his holy spirit, complain of our sufferings, whatever they may be, when his only begotten son, who never offended him, hath willingly suffered so much for our sakes, that we might come unto God by him—that by a faithful perseverance in our spiritual warfare we might overcome and be admitted to sit with him on his throne, and to that end hath given us of his spirit into our hearts to help our infirmities, comfort us in our afflictions, and to make intercession to the Father for us? Have we not felt the consolating influence thereof to revive and support us in our great trials and conflicts of spirit? Have we not been with Jesus and had an infallible evidence from the testimony of his spirit within us, that he who hath thus visited us, indeed is Christ the saviour of the world? Hath he not wrought such

mighty works in us as no other could do? Have we not heard such powerful words from him as never man spoke? Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures. Luke xxiv. 32d.—Oh let a sense of his mercies and wonderful condescension fill our hearts with gratitude and ardent desires that his holy fire within us may be kindled into a holy flame, and never cease burning till it hath consumed every thing that is not of his own pure and unchangeable nature. Let it be our constant practice and delight to sit with Mary at his foot-stool, and wait for his words which are spirit and life, and gives life to all that hear him, for he is the true minister of the sanctuary, who is appointed and anointed of the Father to preach glad tidings to the poor, and to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort the mourners in Zion, that he may "give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I have a few things more to add by way of advice and caution; as they simply arise in my mind, without any premeditation.—I therefore communicate them to thee in that brotherly love and Christian freedom which thinks no evil nor admits of any doubt, but that thou would receive them in the same.

1st. Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Prov. iv. 23. Strive not to open it thyself, but wait his pleasure who hath the key of David, who when he opens none can shut, and when he shuts none can open; receive every favour and every trial thou meetest with from him only, and let not any instrument withdraw thy mind after changeable things, and then nothing that is changeable can disquiet thee.

2d. Keep thy mind stayed upon the Lord, and he will keep thee in perfect peace; he will direct thy thoughts and guide thy tongue so that thou wilt be preserved from unprofitable thoughts and from needless words. Thy mind will be calmed and seasoned with the wisdom which is from above, which is pure and peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated; and thy conversation will be circumspect and edifying, and will have a tendency to minister grace to the hearers.

3d. Be not inquisitive about the spiritual or temporal concerns of others, (farther than they may tend to edification) nor be anxious about thy own; but cast thy care on him who careth for thee, firmly believing that he who feeds the ravens, and clothes the lilies of the field; with whom the hairs of our heads are numbered, and without whom so much as a sparrow shall not fall to the ground; will not suffer the least of his children who trust in him to lack any thing that is good for them, either in body or soul.

4th. If thou duly consider the end for which the Lord hath given thee a being here, and hath led thee through such great and uncommon trials, and hath preserved thee to this day as a monument of his goodness, thou wilt find cause to conclude his singular dealings with thee have not been altogether for thy own sake, but that thou also mayest be an instrument of his praise, to shew forth of his goodness: and as thou findest thy mind thus engaged, and art faithful thereunto in ever so small a measure, the reward of inward peace will attend thee, and thou wilt experimentally find, that to be faithful in a little is the way to be made ruler over much.

5th. Be attentive and obedient to the requirings of thy great master in all things; let it be thy meat and drink to do his will, and finish his work: he hath undoubtedly a work for thee to do; we are none of us called to be idle, nor to spend our time in vain. He hath indeed exempted thee from labouring with thy hands in the outward creation, but not from labouring in his vineyard. We all have a work to do for him that hath sent us; and when that work is done we can stay here no longer. When the work of our sanctification and the measure of our sufferings with Christ for our own sakes is accomplished, and the work which he hath for us to do as instruments in his hand, for the good of others, and to promote his glory in the earth, is also finished, there will be nothing left to animate those tabernacles of clay any longer, but the dust must naturally return to the earth, and mortality be swallowed up of life.

6th. Thou hast abundant opportunity to wait upon the Lord for renewed supplies of strength, and to improve the same by secret communion with thy maker, and exercising the divine virtues of love, meekness, humility, faith and patience, in being as a pattern of these most excellent virtues of the Christian life, which are indeed the very qualities of the divine nature, and constitute the kingdom of heaven within us: as we are united to and live in these heavenly virtues, we are united to Christ and live in him, and he in us; and the various exercises we pass through for our own sakes, are, that these heavenly temples may be formed in us, and every thing of a contrary nature subdued; which happy state the apostle Paul thus describes: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." Corinth. v. 17.

7th. Thou hast probably opportunities, and I doubt not sometimes a living concern, to speak or dictate, to writing sometimes in praise of thy blessed redeemer, or to stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance, advice, caution, reproof, or encouragement; let no such opportunities be neglected, for this will help to exercise thy spiritual senses, and cherish the divine life in thy soul. Thus thy hours will not be tedious to thee, nor unprofitable to others, but thy heart will be enlarged to run the way of his commandments with delight, and others will have cause to glorify God on thy behalf.

8th. Beware of quenching the motions of truth within thee, by thy own reasonings, but when any thing arises and rests with weight upon thy mind to communicate to others, consult not with flesh and blood, but be always ready, according to the strength and ability afforded thee, to encourage every appearance of that which is good, and to rebuke and discourage every thing that is evil, either in the families where providence casts thy lot, or unto friends or others who may come to visit thee; think not to excuse thyself by saying that thou art unworthy or unfit, or that it will not be well received, or do no good, but lay aside all such consultations, and adhere singly to the motions of truth in thy own mind, and be not thoughtful how it may be received by others, but speak freely whatsoever the Lord shall give thee to speak, and leave the success and service of it to him. The most eminent instruments can do nothing without Christ; and the least and weakest can do all that he requires, through his power strengthening them.—Therefore to him keep thine eye singly.

9th. Whensoever thou speakest or thinkest of temporal things speak not nor think of them as things which belong to man, but remember that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, and that he rules over and disposes of things at his pleasure, and that we must be accountable to him for whatsoever we are entrusted with, and therefore have

need continually to wait for his counsel, that we may be directed how to order all things to his glory, that they may be sanctified to us, and all that we have consecrated and devoted to him, so that in all things we may serve and glorify him with our souls, bodies, and spirits, which are his.

When I began to write I had no prospect of enlarging in this manner; but as I have found my mind enlarged and been favoured with ability proportionable, the writing these pages has been no burden to me, and I trust the reading of them will not be tedious to thee; however, as I am apprehensive this may probably be the last epistle which thou mayest receive from me, the length of it may be more excusable.

Finally, dear friend be patient, and wait for the coming of the Lord, whose work is before him, and his reward is with him, and his salvation is near to be revealed unto all that quietly hope and patiently wait for it. Let patience therefore have its perfect work in thee, that thou mayst be perfect and entire, wanting nothing, but abounding in every virtue and every good work, which may be for the glory of thy maker and thy own everlasting welfare; the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. Amen.

WILLIAM MOTT.

Marrineck, 28th 6th month, 1765.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

I would request my friend JAQUES to candidly consider, whether the publishing of such sentiments as I have controverted in my first number, may not be compared to the "*Evil report*" of the spies of ancient times, which had such a remarkable tendency to spread (like a contagion) discouragement, and discontented, impious murmurings, that were highly offensive to Omnipotence: and whether it would not have a better tendency to speak a word of encouragement to young travellers, who may feel a willingness at times to set out on their journey towards the *Good Land*, that they have been told "flows with *milk and honey*." To tell them, in the language of Scripture, that the ways of Virtue and Piety, are indeed "Ways of pleasant-"ness, and all her paths are peace"—to tell them of the "*beautiful prospects on* "*Mount Zion*,"—to let this bear them up in times of discouragement; that storms will be spent or else be past; it shall clear up or they get shelter; whether it is better to tell them in the language of CARAC, (tho' we know they are too apt to give way to despondency and dejection, and that we are naturally prone to discontented murmurings and repinings) that "our eyes are only made to "weep, that all nature teemeth with "evil, that all our lives are one continued "series of vexations and miseries, &c." or to tell them, that in times of trials and exercises, there is "a strong fortress and "habitation for them, whereunto they "may continually resort"—that there is a *power* "who bindeth the ocean that it "cannot pass, and saith unto the stormy "winds, be ye still." And who hath promised, in ever blessed adorable mercy, "*I will never leave thee nor forsake* "*thee*."

"Though a woman may forget her on-"ly child, yet I will not forget thee—"Thou shalt call and I will answer; "whilst thou art yet speaking I will "hear." I believe I have been as industrious as my good friend, to collect the wisdom of ages on the subjects I have treated of, that I might not be deceived with a "bubble of happiness." Being at present from home, and at a distance from my books, or I could produce authorities of the highest respectability, to confirm what I have advanced; but I can testify from my own small experience, and I appeal to the testimony of living witnesses for the truth of the assertion, that there is a peace and sweetness, often enjoyed by the virtuous, that the natural man in his unregenerate state knows nothing of, and cannot comprehend. In their secret retirement at times, instead of impiously exclaiming, "all is vexation," &c. with hearts overflowing with gratitude and thanksgiving, their language is in this sort; "Thou "hast spread a table before me in the "wilderness; thou anointest my head "with oil, *my cup runneth over;* surely "goodness and mercy shall follow me "all the days of my life. Thou hast "brought me into thy banquetting house, "and thy banner over me is love." "Thou "hast given me a reward, and I have "done no work; wages, and I have not "wrought in thy vineyard: thou givest "me joy that no tongue can express, and "peace that passeth understanding: my "soul is immerst in the depth of love, "mine eyes overflow with tears of great-"est pleasure. Every moment deals out "to us a portion of thy bounty, and de-"mands the tribute of unceasing praise." In times of besetments and difficulties, even (if like the Israelites) the enemies appear behind them, and the sea before them, they *stand still*, and as one of the greatest men that ever lived expresses, they experience "*Omnipotent power* to "be their *Rock* in all floods and waves, "on whom they may stand secure, and "see the Lord God of the whole earth "on their side." Shall they be persuaded this is a "bubble of happiness that they "have blown up to the skies, which "must descend or burst?" Surely No, "The foundation of God standeth sure, "having this seal, the Lord knoweth "them that are his;"—they are sensible that "Man shall not live by bread alone, "but by every word that proceedeth "from the mouth of the Most High." They lean upon the *gracious promises* of the Gospel, whereby they experience indeed, "an *anchor* to the soul, both sure and stedfast."

"I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust.
"——In every storm that either frowns or falls,
"What an *asylum* hath the soul in prayer;
"Prayer, ardent opens Heaven, lets down a stream
"Of glory on the consecrated hour
"Of man in audience with the Deity.
"——Though tempests roar, tho' nature shakes,
"How sweet to lean on Heaven!
"To lean on *him* on whom Archangels lean!"

"Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* "whose mind is *stayed* on thee: because "he trusteth in thee." This, says Wm. Shewen (an eminently virtuous and worthy man of the last century) is a treasure better than mountains of silver and gold, and is the reward of the righteous from the right hand of the Almighty; this is "their strong habitation, "whereunto (they wish) continually to "resort, and thereby have to witness

"A holy calm, an harmony of mind,
"Where purity and peace immingle charms."

Without any thing further at present, I charitably hope my friend above mentioned will acknowledge that the happiness described, is not such "a bubble" as he had apprehended.

MONITOR.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A RURAL POEM—BY JOHN SMITH.

How thrills th' enraptur'd breast with sweet delight
When yon fair spot opes on th' enchanted sight!
Ere scarce its beauteous precincts we discern,
What glowing transports in the bosom burn!
Here the bright subject of our verse displays,
Its sylvan scenes, and wakes our languid lays.
Where Schuylkill's stream, along its grassy sides,
In silent windings gently onward glides,
To the charm'd eye, all beauteous to behold,
Groves, fields, and meads, their lovely forms unfold;
Two rising hills of soft ascent are seen
Cloth'd in the glossy robe of Nature's green.

Low sunk between, a fertile valley lies,
Where sweets unseen, in fair profusion rise.
Here genial spring its earliest beauties shows,
And trees, and shrubs, their kindly gifts disclose;
In flowery pride, the gay dress'd soil appears,
And all around; a smiling aspect wears.
Slow waving in the breeze, a darksome grove,
Seat of retirement, calm retreat of love,
Where leafy branches, intertwining spread,
Their bowery charms, invites beneath its shade.
The *monarch-tree* here grows in peerless pride,
And towering, spreads his aged branches wide.
The *poplar pole*, in ether high ascends,
And low to earth the *drooping willow* bends.
Stiff to the blast, the *rugged beeches* rise,
While, at each gale, the *quivering aspin* sighs.
The *tufted pine* slow waves its lofty head,
And *sweet magnolias* round, their fragrance shed.
Nor other gifts kind nature here denies,
But happier trees with happier fruitage rise;
For each, spontaneous, from the parent soil
Luxuriant spreads, nor asks the cultor's toil;
While laden branches to the earth descend,
And *shrubs* beneath their grateful burthens bend.
The *odorous walnut*, scarce the load sustains,
Of ponderous fruit, its spreading top contains.
Its prickly burs, *the chesnut* cast, around,
And *coated hazle* scatters wide the ground.
The *mellow plum* matures beneath its shade,
And *clustering bilberries* redden all the glade;
While round *the elm* ascends the spreading vine,
And curling tendrils mid the branches twine.
Thus high *the vine's* aspiring branches tend;
Thus sterile trees with alien clusters bend.
Nor these alone—but from the fertile ground,
The lesser shrubs dispense their gifts around.
With berries black, *the clustering whortle* heaves,
Berries more numerous than its countless leaves.
Scarce from the earth, by kindly moisture fed,
The soft May-apple lifts its luscious head;
While on some sloping bank, of verdant hue,
The fragrant *strawberry* reddens to the view.
The purple *blackberry* too, of medic use,
Blooms 'mid its thorns, and fills with wholesome juice.
The fuller *dewberry* here matures around,
And lurks, unseen, along the grassy ground;
While thousand beauties ope upon the sight
And fill the enraptur'd breast with sweet delight.
Still other pleasures are not wanting here,
But sounds melodious charm the listening ear.
For thro' the grove, on every waving tree,
The feather'd choirs, in dulcet symphony,
To warbling song attune their swelling throats,
And pour, delightful, round, their melting notes.
Pride of Columbia's woods, and flow'ry plains,
The *mocking bird* chaunts forth his varying strains;
By zephyr wafted, through the woodland shade,
With soothing sound, the notes mellifluous spread.
What though our groves ne'er heard, in lonely strain,
Sad Philomela, to the night complain;
A rival songster swells his tuneful throat,
With strains more sweet than Philomela's note.
To the plum'd tribe what various strains belong!
All flow united in his pleasing song.—
Perch'd on some waving bough, his dusky wings
The *Robin* spreads, and sweetly plaintive sings.
The Finches gay, their shining plumes unfold,
Of vary'ing hue, and bright with beamy gold.
In feather peerless, 'mid the verdant bowers,
A bolder note *the crested red-bird* pours.
Scarce through the branches of the woodland seen,
The Yellow bird attunes his ceaseless strain.
While, sadly plaintive, 'mid some haunt, alone,
The *cooing turtle* breathes his piteous moan.
Thus warbling melody awakes the grove,
And notes responsive tell the tale of love.
Here, gently gurgling through the darksome shade,
By leafy branches intertwining made,
The scenes delightful of the woods among,
The gentle rivulet winds its banks along.
In its pure wave, the glittering fishes play;
Against the eddying current force their way;
Or, rapid borne, the limpid stream divide,
And down its mazy winding swiftly glide.
Thus his pois'd body without motion keeps,
And undisturb'd upon his waters sleeps;
Across the stream, in careless courses strays;
Or 'mong the reeds, in giddy circles plays;
Or, while the insect on the surface glides,
Darts through the waves, and shows his glittering sides:
In dark abodes, these seek their gloomy way,
In sportive shoals those court the face of day.
O'er the whole race, the *Pikes*, *rapacious*, hold,
Their cruel sway, and revel uncontrol'd.
The *sun fish* pours his lustre on the view,
His silver sides, and spots of golden hue;
But cautious moves around his mossy bed,
Which low descending branches overspread;
And, while in pride displays his varying dies,
Darts thro' the wave, and cheats th' admiring eyes.
The *sportive trout*, of all that nature gave
To cut in lightsome course the limpid wave,
In peerless beauty claims the highest meed,
The pride and glory of the finny breed!
His lucid fins, pearl-emulating eyes,
His spots high glowing with topazian dies;
His glittering scales, like rising phosphor bright,
Strike as we view, with wonder and delight.
While thus we love to paint each pleasing scene,
And sing the beauties of the rural reign,
Fresh to the mind by busy memory borne,
Those dear delights of happier days return,
When every childish sport could fondly please,
Our souls in pleasures rapt, and thoughtless ease.
Light pass'd the blissful hours—with welcome ray
Each morn arose, the glowing source of day;
With welcome ray adown th' etherial plain,
Flaming, he sunk beneath the western main.
No busy thought, no gloomy care t' employ
The vacant mind, nor damp its early joy.
How oft with fond delight the groves among,
Now pleasing subject of my artless song,
Scap'd from scholastic cares and city-noise
I stray'd supremely blest in rural joys;—
Where, oft, with luring bait the finny brood
I sought insidious in the chrystal flood;
The tiny net, with art delusive spread,
The flouncing prey dragg'd from their mossy bed;
Or with bare arm beneath the sloping bank,
High crown'd with slimy sedge, and rushes dank,
The speckled Tortoise struggling brought to light
Or *dusky craw-fish* in his backward flight;
Or slowly bending o'er the grassy ground,
Where thorns perplex, and twisting brambles wound,
While on their leafy boughs, their tuneful throats,
The songsters rais'd, and pour'd their melting notes,
With bending arm launch'd from the sounding string
The tapering arrow, with its waxen wing;
Or hurl'd the pebble through the yielding air,
Relentless kill'd, or scar'd the feathery *fair*;
On the low bush, with hard unfeeling breast,
Robb'd of its speckled eggs the straw-built nest,
Or round the rugged oak aspiring clung,
And panting climb'd its bending boughs among;
With transport-thrilling breast and eager eyes
Exulting seiz'd upon the hard-earn'd prize;
And from their native shade and leafy spray,
The unfledg'd brood in triumph bore away.
How oft well pleas'd I rang'd the lowly vale,
Scal'd the rough steep, or climb'd the moss-clad hill.
Or through the dark recesses of the wood,
Trac'd the lone windings of the chrystal flood,
Wild flowers to cull, that balmy sweets exhale,
Dispensing fragrance to the passing gale;
With nicest art the various sorts combine,
In idle wreathes, or circling garlands twine;
The *opening wood-bine*, where the snowy white
And blushing red in soft'ning tints unite;
The *violet blue*, that decks the hillock's side,
And *prickly eglantine* in roseate pride.
But now, alas! those blissful days are o'er,
Each pleasing sport, each dear delight no more!
Far other scenes our youthful years employ,
Care following care, and damping every joy.
Already has our bark unfurl'd her sails
On life's great deep, and trusts to fortune's gales;
May they with gentle breath the sails expand,
And softly waft her to the destin'd land.
If thus we fairly gain th' immortal shore,
No other boon we ask, nor covet more.
If adverse winds with fatal force prevail,
And black'ning storms her shatter'd frame assail;
Stern fate's decrees we firmly must endure,
And patience soothe the ills she cannot cure.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

Having seen a few numbers of your Evening Fire side, and received much satisfaction from some of its contents, I anticipate happy consequences to society from an encouragement and continuance of such a publication. I therefore beg leave, through the channel of this useful medium, to offer for the amusement of some of your readers, a few reflections upon the Passions and their Influence; believing that it will be readily admitted, that to Practical Philosophy we are indebted for the most happy life, either considered with respect to that part of it which governs the operations of the understanding—or directs the will. If you judge them worthy your notice, they are very much at your service.

Wishing the complete success of your attempts to improve the Human Mind,

I am, sirs,
Your most obed't.
H—Y—C.

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To define the passions agreeably to the system of Moral Philosophy, they are certain emotions of the soul which are perpetually inspiring it to avoid every thing considered an evil—and to pursue whatever appears or may be judged to be for its comfort and satisfaction; it will consequently happen that the happiness of mankind, whether corporeally or mentally considered, depends upon the just subordination of them. The mind and body are so intimately connected that it is scarcely possible for the one to be very materially affected without producing a visible affection of the other; and their operations are in so wonderful a conformity, that they are uniformly productive of operations or emotions which are peculiar to themselves.

Nature appears to have endowed mankind with the property or means of discovering these emotions, by the very expressive language of internal signs or ap-

pearances; and that we should be intuitively conscious of the prevalence of any certain passion, from the mere external appearance of objects, is most perfectly consonant and analogous to nature herself; by this we are taught and directed to form our opinions of their varieties, whether of Hope or Fear—Joy or Grief—for they discover themselves as visibly as those of the more dissocial kind, Anger or Revenge: they make strong impressions and are truly conspicuous by external signs; and display themselves in legible characters by no means to be misunderstood, as invariably producing their regular train of symptoms as the passion of Fear does by inducing the impulse to avoid danger.—Perhaps there are not among the class either of external appearances or effects, any more truly illustrious or deserving observations than those of affliction or distress; inasmuch as they inspire for the most part (especially among the virtuous of mankind) another by the name of sympathy, a passion to which society is much indebted for its greatest blessing.

The benevolence of our natures involves us in it, as it were imperceptibly, and without any absolute or previous desire, prompting us to fly to the scene of distress, in order to assist the objects in want of our assistance; and our sympathy cannot be completely gratified but by the attempt at least to accomplish the desire: thus consequently the external symptoms of distress, though unpleasant and even disagreeable, are nevertheless attractive, and the immediate cause of that sympathy which impels to a virtuous, good, and kind benevolence. The passions have also a most intimate connection with our opinions and belief; by them we form our judgment of men and things, inasmuch as we are for the most part directed by what may be termed affections.—Thus we are much more prone to take the advice or rely upon the judgment and opinions of some men than others, and this at times from a strange prepossession not to be accounted for in any other way, and principally occasioned by first appearances or impressions, very often suddenly excited. Surprise, Terror and Grief are passions which peculiarly delight in solemn silence; for in this state, and during this affection, the faculties of the mind become for a time suspended; the weeping of Psamenitus for a stranger, though his own family were suffering the utmost ignominy, without producing in him any visible emotions of distress, is a powerful illustration.—When he was questioned by Cambyces why he could weep for a stranger, when the afflictions of his own family appeared so little to affect him, he replied, "Son of Cyrus, the calamities of my family are too great to leave me the power of weeping, but the misfortunes of a companion reduced in his old age to want bread, is a fit object for my lamentations." In fine, the influence of the passions upon the mind is so powerful, and they possess us in so eminent a degree, even from early infancy, that to their influence may be attributed the very extensive progress that has been made in every branch of Science, and for very obvious reasons. It is much to be lamented that more attention is not paid to their influence on the mind of youth, during the periods of their education; the extreme irritability of their minds is found too often to be tormentingly prevalent and troublesome: surely to endeavour to fix this irritable state of the minds of youth, would be a valuable acquisition, and should be one of the first considerations at an early period. Youth has always been considered the peculiar season of enlarged conceptions; even the greatest political changes have been made by those not much advanced beyond the middle stage of life; and many much earlier, frequently from plans laid in an early period, and from conceptions formed years previous to execution. And it cannot escape the notice even of the undiscerning part of mankind, and must be remembered by most, (notwithstanding it may be objected, that the judgment as well as imagination, must consequently improve by constant exercise and a perpetual accumulation of matter) that many minds appear perfectly matured at a very early period. It is true that such acquirements are confined to a few individuals; but it is much to be doubted whether the fault is not in the mode of education, generally speaking, that there are not many more both men and women of science; and I think I may venture the hazard of a contradiction, by asserting, we owe the loss principally to those institutions that by every means, both direct and indirect, counteracting too frequently the nice designs of creative wisdom, check the improvement of the individual and by consequence of our species. Is there no means of increasing, of animating, the natural industry of youth, without encouraging presumption? It would be difficult to imagine, to how great a degree of perfection, the intellectual and moral nature of man is capable of being raised, by a due cultivation of the mind and subordination of the passions; for upon these will depend the truth or error of our perceptions.* Happiness or misery are at last the relief, the light and shade which appear to fill up the vacancies or outlines in the portrait of Human nature: it is as natural for us to endeavour to attain the one, as it is to avoid the other; but we are apt, agreeably to our ideas, to endeavour to obtain the object of our desires by very different means, and very often disproportioned to the desired end. Human life has been frequently compared by writers, to a fleeting shadow, and with much propriety; surrounded as it is on all sides by the long train of sometimes unavoidable calamities, and tossed in the ruffled and turbulent sea of human affairs, like an ungovernable and unballasted bark, which becomes the sport of every wind and wave: so the mind without the aid of religion, reason and philosophy, is in perpetual danger and distress, it may with truth be said from the cradle to the grave. It must then consequently happen (to use the expression of a celebrated author) that that man ought to be considered the richest who is the happiest: and surely he is most likely to become so, who with a virtuous resignation is prepared for the many unavoidable ills which flesh is heir to—who can expostulate with the follies and extravagance of his own desires, and though a difficult task, at last convinces himself that what he most likes is not always best for him—who preserves a decent equality of mind, not arrogantly elated with the too frequently delusive smiles of prosperity, or servilely cast down in melancholy dejection by the surly visage of misfortune.

H—Y—C.

Bucks County.

Editors of the Evening Fire-side,

As I am a constant reader of your paper, and in the habit of giving patient attention to every production whose object is either instruction or amusement, I could not avoid smiling at the ingenious calculations of somebody who has there fa-

* In a future communication in continuance of the subject, I shall beg leave by way of illustration of this important consideration, to give some extracts from the Works of Stewart, whose elements may not be in the hands of many of your readers; and it will be considered that the Philosophy of the Human Mind is among the most desirable objects, either of public or private life.

voured us with hints to promote early rising.—What a sage reflection that 8 or 10 years can easily be added to the sum of existence in which we may extend our comforts or multiply our pleasures. And as I felt conscious of offending against the precepts of those excellent moralists who are willing to better the condition of mankind, regardless of their own, I was induced to examine the force of their reasoning on this particular subject, and can own I am not convinced of the error of my first formed opinion, that little or nothing is gained in mental or corporeal health by early rising.

No one surely will venture the assertion that because a man is not in the habit of rising early, it follows that his faculties must necessarily be locked in sleep till a late period in the morning, and certainly for the pious and contemplative, we know no period so delightful as that so happily calculated for silent meditation or calm retrospection—if arisen, the duties, the pleasures or anxieties of the day would claim, would divert or distract our attention.

And what is the powerful inducement to embrace the habit so strongly recommended, except avarice, and surely it cannot be justified on that score. It can easily be ascertained that 10 hours of the day is a period sufficiently long for the laudable pursuit of wealth; and there are few indeed even among the best of mortals but find that half of it is sufficient to employ in charitable actions; and who with a feeling heart would wish to impose one hour more on laborious Poverty. The learned are long agreed, that in a mind the strongest and most happily organized; (exclusive of the hours allotted to sleep) much abstraction from study and close application is necessary, many hours must be devoted to ease or vacant amusement; and therefore were the learned and the wealthy to adopt the practice of early rising, the repose that would be courted at noon, would require more time than was gained in the morning; and I confess I am not sufficiently acquainted with the life of Buffon, whose conduct was given as a powerful evidence of the excellence of the habit: to assert what I strongly suspect to be the truth, that even that celebrated naturalist consumed in the course of the day as many hours in trifling indolence, as his servant assisted him to steal from the repose of the morning.

However, for one, I confess that notwithstanding I am as great a friend to industry and activity as any; when I first open my eyes to the beams of morning, I am so willing to recruit the spirits I have dissipated; to enjoy the serenity I have lost in the cares and anxieties of the preceding day; so fond of the luxury of a morning lounge; that even though allured by the pen of Thompson, I am unwilling to relinquish its sweet consolations.

ALLEN.

3d mo. 27, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following is from the pen of Richard Nisbet of the Pennsylvania Hospital. It is not unusual to find poets among persons similarly circumstanced; but their effusions mostly betray the wildness of an unsettled brain, and their flights of fancy are in the regions of extravagance. But the piece now handed for publication hath not this character. It manifests a connection of ideas, and a faithful adherence to the subject, which would not disgrace a poet whose rationality has never been suspended. The justness of the Eulogy will be readily admitted by every one who had the happiness of an acquaintance with the much lamented, Doctor whose mildness of manners and tenderness of disposition appear to have left an indelible impression, even on the mind of the deranged.

M.

AN EULOGIC ELEGIAC,

TO THE DEPARTED DOCTOR SAMUEL COOPER.

And Carmel's sheet, too short at either end,
May serve a verse to some departed friend. R. N.

1.

Mild were thy manners, as the May's sweet morn,
Which blooms on all, with Nature's grace and ease;
Nor knew thy tender breast, *revenge* or *scorn*;
But *thought* and *sorrow*, were thy soul's disease.

2.

For gentle May has frequent showery tears,
Though deck'd in all the sweets of vernal power:
And thou, though in the life of vernal years,
Hadst yet the pensive, and the weeping hour.

3.

'Tis oft the Poet's and the Sage's fate,
Some grief or desolation to deplore;
To look indignant on the wretch's state,
Who feels for *self*, nor feels a wish for more.

4.

A Poet, and a Sage, this fate was thine!
But mild benevolence illum'd thy days;
It grac'd thee through the healing art divine,
And rear'd a deathless laurel to thy praise.

5.

Ah! virtuous youth! unknown, unsought too long!
(Thy treasures lock'd, of cordial, mental fire)
To thee, though prompt, how poor the friendly Song—
Whose Muse reach'd Wisdom, Science, and the Lyre.

6.

By Almus Pater—fount of worth and love,
May'st thou be blest in some Elysian sphere!
Through no false Carmel, but the true to rove,
While I with tenderness revere thee here.

7.

Meanwhile be mine to search where thanks are due;
Review the roll long hid, but one more known:
Still worship virtue—love the kind and true;
And yield aught else (save injuries) their own.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Envy is the bane of social life: It renders its unhappy victims, not only unfit for the offices of Friendship, but real pests to society. It tends not only to dissever the bonds of union that exist in all congenial souls, but effectually disorganises all the finer feelings that adorn the mind. Happily it is within the power of every one to be exempt from its influence; little exertion, in the first place, is sufficient to counteract any tendency to it; but such is the state of poor human nature, that instead of repelling the foul demon in its insiduous advances, it is embraced with ardour—nay hugged to our bosoms with delight, and often nurtured with maternal affection. Brooding continually upon one subject, the unhappy sufferer becomes incapable of relishing the joys of domestic life—the energies of the mind lose their tone. The understanding is prostrated through inactivity—The imagination acquires a particular bent: and by dwelling on the favourite object becomes dormant on all others—the will is impetuous and convulsed—memory is active alone in calling up past occurrences of little moment, which serve as food to that resentment which is the sure concomitant of envy—the passions are dislocated and act with irregularity—mental derangement ensues—a fixed melancholy is the result—life becomes a burthen, and a halter, a mill-pond, or the knife, accelerates the too tardy approach of death. Dwell such emotions in noble minds? Can envy stain the character of the lovely fair?

What gave rise to the preceding train of thought, was a letter signed PHILENIA, inserted in the 16th number of the Fire-side.—This letter, though very elaborate, is as absurd as it is illiberal, notwithstanding "purity of intention" is the professed object, yet a tinge of envy is seen to pervade the whole. It arms her pen with such a *forced* inveteracy on an *indifferent* subject, that we rather smile than are displeased. We could willingly laugh with her, were she not veiled with a certain forbidden gravity—a gravity more resembling the gloom of monkish vindictiveness, than the serene stability of a really pious mind: But her prompter is easily seen through the transparent curtain. I take PHILENIA (judging from her writing) to be some superannuated *brilliant*, verging on to the desperation of forty-five. No doubt she could boast of "the addresses" of "this honorable person," and the attention of

that "worthy man," but being fully aware of the *troubles* and vexations of a matrimonial connection, she *prudently* preferred the fashionable appellation of Maiden Lady, to the more common though tender name of Wife. PHILENIA is now waneing. A retrospect is painful. The future presents nothing very pleasing. And the present—we may judge of her present sensation by reading her letter—the whole is overcast with an invidious gloom.—The canker worm preys on her vitals. She is chagrined at the obscurity of her twinkling light, while observing the bright galaxy of sister suns that surround her; all beaming with refulgent lustre. She is conscious of the want of attention shewn her. "Women cannot keep their thoughts to themselves." She has no confident of her age to communicate them to, except RASOLA, from whom she is far separated. No alternative remains but to give vent to her ill nature in a public way.—Unhappily though she is ashamed of her "advice," and takes measures to remain unknown, thus, effectually, stabbing in the dark, herself secure from danger.—In fact PHILENIA's letter can answer no other purpose than serve as the vehicle for abuse. The practice she reprobates as so signally criminal, is not only innocent but has its advantages.—The fair sex are always emulous of being seen, and nothing flatters their vanity more than the *particular* attention of our sex to them. What can more decidedly tend to this point than the conduct censured in PHILENIA's letter. So much am I convinced of the correctness of the preceding observations that I believe, were the practice alluded to abolished, we should have few, practically religious young ladies to be found. Theoretical religion is of little account, it is a cold name for morality, and morality without true religion will never make a truly pious man or woman. The deists, who discard religion, notwithstanding their boasted morality, are for the most part libertines in practice. The pretensions of people are a mere farce; their actions are the only criterions to found our opinions on.—*Assembling to worship is an ordinance of the divine law. Any thing that will eventually tend to draw the attention of young people to this point cannot be improper. The practice alluded to effectually does this, ergo the practice is not improper.*—My minor proposition may be objected to, I own the practice has not a direct tendency, but by frequently attending religious meetings the habit becomes fixed, and what probably, at first was only intended as a pleasure *necessarily*, becomes a part of the duties of life. Shakespeare, the great Poet and Philosopher of Nature, was well aware of the effects of habit.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not.
"That monster, Custom, who all sense doth eat,
"Of habits devil, is angel still in this;
"That to the use of actions fair and good
"He likewise gives a frock or livery,
"That aptly is put on—refrain till night
"And that shall lend a kind of easiness
"To the next abstinence: the next more easy,
"For use can almost change the stamp of nature
"And either master evil, or throw it out
"With wondrous potency, &c."

Before concluding it may be necessary to observe, that the writer of these remarks was not influenced by vindictive motives. He does not consider himself implicated in PHILENIA's charge, but feels a regret that she should act so derogatory to the meekness of her sex.—Perhaps the virulence of these observations may displease some, but they surely will not be thought severe, when it is remembered that PHILENIA unprovokedly *began* the attack, and they certainly do not surpass her strictures in asperity. To RASOLA I have little to say. If not sister I have no doubt but she is cousin-german to PHILENIA. Though less of a vixen, she no doubt might rival her relation in any controversy for grey hairs.

HALF FORTY.

North 2d street, April 8, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"Let others bound,
"The world around
"No peace is found,
"Like that I find at home."

Let worldlings groan,
And sigh and moan,
For sordid wealth,
Destroy their health,
And die before their time—
I will not care
For wealth a share,
Beyond sweet competence.
Nor do I mind,
To leave behind
A hoard of pelf,
For some proud elf
To spend and sport away:
Far from the town
(Tho' call'd a clown)
I happy live,
And would not give,
My state for regal power.
In morn I rise,
When first the skies,
Bright Sol illumes,
Dispersing glooms,
Which night had spread around;
And careless stalk,
Thro' garden walk,
Where bloom around
O'er all the ground
Flow'rs wet with early dew.
How sweet the song
Of feather'd throng,
In grove or grot
Or near my cot,
Where woodbines graceful twine.
Then worldlings groan
And sigh and moan,
I do not care,
For wealth a share,
Beyond sweet competence,
Remote from town
(Tho' call'd a clown)
I cheerful live,
And would not give
My state for regal power.

AGRICOLA.

Near the Falls of Delaware, April 5th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

SHOWER BATHS!

A stranger having lately had occasion to traverse the streets of this city considerably, has frequently experienced the civility of some of its inhabitants in pouring a copious shower of water from the windows of their upper stories—and though the practice if well timed, might be beneficial to some constitutions, it is humbly submitted to the consideration of those who are so liberal as to furnish such baths *gratis*, whether it might not be proper to apprise passengers of their intentions, and thereby afford them a choice of *bath* or

NO BATH.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—London papers to the 5th ult. mention that the course of the French squadron, from Rochefort, had not been ascertained.—A conjecture prevailed in England that it was destined against the British possessions in the East Indies.—The squadron under Admiral Cochrane, heretofore employed in the blockade of Ferrol, had been dispatched in quest of the French, to the West Indies.

A new arrangement of the Batavian Government had been taken from Paris by Mr. Schimmelpenninck, who was to occupy the first place in the administration.

By several acts of the Portuguese Government, it appears that the French had obtained a decisive influence at the court of Lisbon.

A Bill for the abolition of the slave trade, was before the British Parliament. Deputies from the Irish Catholics, with a memorial to Parliament, had arrived in London.

A report had reached England, that an insurrection had taken place at the Cape of Good Hope, and that the colony had been surrendered to the British. This is said to have

the strong sanction of several letters received in London; one of which states, that the settlement was surrendered to the English, in consequence of a previous negociation opened with the British government at Madras. It should seem as if the French government had received some intimation to this effect, at the time of publishing its famous *Expose* on the 31st of December, which, speaking of the Batavian Republic, says—"Its colonies have been a second time sold to the English, and delivered up without resistance;" an expression which certainly does not at all apply to the late surrender of any of the Dutch settlements in the West Indies.

By the latest accounts from Europe, it seems that the siege of Gibraltar had commenced, but we have not exact information of the state of that fortress, or of the circumstances under which the siege has commenced. The Toulon fleet had been at sea, but had returned to port. An English fleet under convoy, from Malta, had suffered from the French frigates that were in the Mediterranean. The blockade of Cadiz, by the English, was continued with vigour.—The city has been well supplied with grain, as in the last eight months of 1804, had arrived a million and two-thirds of bushels of wheat, besides about fifty-five thousand barrels of flour. The sense of the Spanish merchants against the war has been expressed in some papers, and insinuated in the address of the Prince of Peace. It was believed that General Armfelt, Swedish minister lately from Vienna, would receive the ancient appointment of Prime Minister in Sweden.—In France the conversation is changed from the gun-boats to their naval expeditions.—Appearances of war on the continent are yet discovered.

We are assured, by a letter from Paris, inserted in the Hamburgh Journals, that his Prussian Majesty's offer to mediate between France and Great-Britain, has been well received by the emperor Napoleon.

By the German Statistical writers, the ages of the four greatest monarchs of the European continent, give but 132 years.—Napoleon is at 35; Francis 2d, of Germany, at 36; Alexander of Russia, at 27; and the King of Prussia at 34 years of age. The same writers give the military establishments, including only their land forces, in the following numbers: The Prussian army at 274,000 men; the Austrian at 372,000, the Russian at 401,000, and the French at 524,000.

Count Rumford has recently married the widow of M. Vareesy, in Paris, by which nuptial experiment he obtains a fortune of 8000l. per annum—this is evidently the most effective of all the *Rumfordizing projects* for keeping a *house warm!*

It is reported that an embargo has been laid on all vessels in the ports of England, in consequence of preparations for a secret expedition. This is rendered probable by the non arrival of spring vessels which have been long expected.

In the British West-Indies great apprehensions prevail of the French fleet. Even in Jamaica they are under considerable alarm, and are making vigorous exertions to be in readiness to repel a hostile attack.

Domestic.—The Governor of this state has re-appointed the same Gentlemen as members of the Board of Health for the ensuing year, who held that important station during the last, *viz.*

Dr. James Reynolds,
Dr. William Currie,
David Jackson,
Ebenezer Ferguson, and
William Binder,

Who have accepted of their commissions. We sincerely hope, that Providence will again bless their labours, and preserve our city from the desolating scourge of pestilence.

A piece of Pennsylvania slate, brought from the quarry of the slate company, lately opened in Northampton county, about 18 miles above Easton, is now in this city for inspection. It contains 18 superficial feet, and is a beautiful specimen, far superior to any of the N. York slate that we have seen, and said to be equal to Welsh slate of the first quality.

The following is a correct statement of the number of petitions and signers for and against calling a convention, which had been received previous to the rising of the Legislature.

Petitions against a convention	83,	
	Signers	5949.
Petitions for a convention	72,	
	Signers	4944.
Majority against a convention,		1005.

It is understood that the legislature of N. Carolina, have instructed their representatives in Congress to propose an amendment to the Federal Constitution, so as to prohibit, previous to the year 1808, the further importation of slaves from Africa, and other foreign parts.

Earthquake.—On the 5th instant, at about 15 minutes past 2, P. M. the town of Salem, Massachusetts, was visited by an earthquake, which lasted 4 seconds.

A storm of lightning, hail and rain, of uncommon severity for the season, was witnessed in the town of New Haven and its vicinity. A store in the eastern quarter of the city, was struck by the lightning.

New Orleans has been incorporated as a city.—The Governor is to appoint the Mayor and Recorder annually. The Aldermen, &c. are to be chosen in ward meetings, by a plurality of votes. One half of the number of Aldermen to be re-chosen every year. The Mayor and Aldermen have power to levy taxes. The qualification of a voter is the possession of real estate worth 100 dollars, or renting an estate at 100 dollars, or upwards, per annum. Taverns and boarding houses are not to be opened, nor coaches, chaises or carts to be kept or let, without a license from the Mayor.

Important Discovery.—A number of men digging up the earth, in the town of Dover, New Hampshire, for the purpose of making an aqueduct, discovered a vein of dark brown sand running from east to west, much impregnated with quicksilver, of the best quality.—Upon close inspection, globules of this metal were found dispersed through this vein from the size of the smallest grain of sand to that of a duck shot—which leaves no room to doubt, that upon further attention, larger quantities may be discovered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The excellence of Campania's selections induces us to desire her future assistance in this department. Her present communication we reserve for our next number.

Though the lays of Umbra convey sentiments worthy of preservation, they are rendered inadmissible by a culpable inattention to propriety of language, and too frequent transgression against metrical harmony.

Eudoxus, notwithstanding he quotes Thales to prove that "the easiest thing for a man to do" is "to give advice," does not appear to us well qualified for the task.

If Gnidus consent to a partial insertion, a portion of his piece shall appear in our next.

Some of Anna's stanzas are poetic and happily descriptive; others are greatly inferior, betraying marks of hurried composition. Thus, while convinced of the abilities of the writer, we are obliged to dismiss her production; not, however, without a hope, that we shall again see the *Happy Fire-side*, sparkling with genius, and trimmed by the hand of taste.

Carac is unavoidably deferred to our next number.

ERRATA.

In our last number an error of the press appeared, which we are the more desirous of rectifying, because it materially affects the sense. In the epistle to Carlos, the 37th and 38th lines which stand thus:

On matted grass, and near the crumbling *think*,
She spreads a verdant seat to sit and *drink*,

Should be

On matted grass, and near the crumbling *brink*,
She spreads a verdant seat to sit and *think*.

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